

The Historie of

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaf*'s Sword so hackt?

*Peto*. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perlwaded vs to doe the like.

*Car*. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prim*. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar*. My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you beholde these exhalations?

*Prim*. I doe.

*Bar*. What thinke you they portend?

*Prim*. Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar*. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaf*.

*Prim*. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal*. My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin*. O *Glendower*.

*Fal*. *Owen, Owen*, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglas*, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prim*. Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal*.

Henry the Fourth.

*Fal*. You haue hit it.

*Prince*. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal*. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince*. Why what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal*. A horse-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prim*. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal*. I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as stincking Mackrell.

*Prim*. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal*. By the Masse lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, Art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afeard? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prim*. Not awhit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Fal*. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practise an answer.

*Prince*. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal*. Shall I? content: this Chaire shalbe my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prim*. Thy State is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

*Fal*. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept: For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyses* vaine.

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Prince.